

WEEKLY CLARKSVILLE CHRONICLE.

R. W. THOMAS, Editor.

VIRTUE AND INTELLIGENCE THE MEANS—GOOD GOVERNMENT THE END.

J. A. GRANT, Publisher.

VOLUME 8.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1857.

NUMBER 26.

CHINA EMPORIUM.

J. A. WAGGNER & CO.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENWARE,
Silver Ware, Fine Table Cutlery, Looking
Glasses, Lamps, Work Baskets, Clocks,
Cedar and Willow Ware,
Children's Cabs, Notions, &c., &c.
No. 4 Franklin St.
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Country Merchants would do well to call
and examine our stock, as we can sell them as
good as new as they can buy in the West.
April 17, '57-ly

Prather, Smith & Co.
455 Main St. Louisville, Ky.
Manufacturers and Dealers in Hats, Caps,
and Straw Goods

ARE prepared, as usual, for the SPRING
TRADE, with a complete assortment of all
the different qualities and styles of Goods in their
line, as cheap as can be purchased in any market.
Feb 20, '57-3m

Washington Hotel.
CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.
S. R. MOORE, Proprietor.

Having taken this well known tavern stand,
and intending thoroughly to renovate and repair it,
and from his long experience in the business, for-
mally at Russellville, Ky., he thinks he will be
able to give general satisfaction, and solicit a liberal
share of public patronage.

Travelers wishing to take the river at this
point may rely upon being promptly notified of the
passage of boats at any hour in the night, as
we keep a light watch for this special purpose,
and polite and attentive persons for the transpor-
tation of baggage to and from the river.
The Stage Office is kept at this Hotel
Jan. 9, 1857-ly

CLARKSVILLE
Dental Establishment!
Franklin Street, opposite the Court House.

W. H. P. JONES,
DENTIST.
Jan 16, 1857-ly

Wholesale and Retail
MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT.
NASHVILLE, TENN.

A. CROOKER, is now receiving 11 Spring
stock of Millinery and Fancy Goods. His stock
will be the most extensive in the city. The pub-
lic may rely upon being promptly dealt with, as he
does business in his own name.
Mar. 8, '57-7w

HUGHES & CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO
J. RUTHERFORD & CO.,
UNDER
FOWLER'S HALL,
4 doors above the Post Office,
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Have constantly on hand a large assortment of
Drugs, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, Window Glass,
Dye-stuffs, Waxes, Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco, Sur-
gical Instruments, and every article usually
kept in a first class Drug Establishment.
Received by the last boat,
300 kegs of White Lead,
300 do Suave White Zinc,
100 do Chrome Green in cans,
100 do Paris do do
100 do Chrome Yellow do do
50 do Van Dyke Brown do
100 do Prussian Blue.
Also a large assortment of Paints and Varnish
as, Brushes, Gold Leaf, &c.

Maugens & Goudray's Extract for the
Handkerchief is here acknowledged to be superior
to any of the imported. They are distilled with
the greatest care, and will be found to retain their
perfume for a long time. We have here an un-
limited variety of perfumes, the principal of which

Jac's Club
Holliston
New Mown Hay
Sweet Briar
Upper Ten
West End
Sweet Clover
Verbena
Miel
Mousseline
Magnolia
Violet
Sweet Clover
Also a large variety of Tooth Paste and Powder
and other articles for the toilet, for sale by
HUGHES & CO.
March 8, 1857-1f

New Music.

Hughes & Co. respectfully inform the public
that they have just received a great variety of new
and fashionable music, Violins and Guitar strings,
and every other article usually kept in a music
store. A large assortment of Piano Fortes from
the principal manufacturers, for sale by
HUGHES & CO.

EAGLE PLAINING MILL,
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.
W. S. M'REYNOLDS & CO.,

The above Mill and Carpenter shop is now in
full operation, and we are prepared to furnish
Dressed Flooring, Dressed Lumber, Doors, Sash,
Blinds, and every article usually Manufactured in
such Shops, on the shortest notice, and in the
most workmanlike manner. We have secured
the services of Mr. E. M. Clark, whose name is
synonymous with good work, as a foreman.
All persons wishing work done, are requested
to give us a call, as we are determined to work
cheap.

No work or lumber taken from the shop or
yard until paid for, unless by express contract.
April 3, 1857-1f

47 Hopkinsville Mercury and Russellville
Herald copy 2mo and send bills to subscriber.

Meal & Flour Depot
AND
FAMILY GROCERY.

Having taken the stand formerly occupied by
J. C. Acres & Co., next door to the Post Office,
we will keep a good assortment of Family Gro-
ceries in quantities to suit purchasers. Goods
sold by delivered free of charge. Mr. H.
Morley will be on hand to attend to the wants of
customers, cheap for cash only.
J. M. YOUNG & Co.
Feb 11, '57-3m

The Clarksville Chronicle.

Printed Weekly on a double-medium sheet every
Friday morning, at
\$2 Per annum, in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
PER LINE SQUARE OF TWELVE LINES OR LESS.
One insertion \$1.00 Two months \$4.50
Two insertions 1.50 Three months 5.00
Three insertions 2.00 Six months 9.00
One month 2.50 Twelve months 15.00

The Clarksville Publishing Company.
Chartered by the Legislature of Tennessee.

POETRY. THANK GOD FOR ALL.

BY CHARLES WAIN.

Beside you seek a rustic roof appears
A cottage garden 'neath unto the door,
A few wild plants the lowly casement cheer,
And all around looks neat though all is poor.
There Philip dwells and takes a neighbor's part,
Though little he be means his help to test;
Yet will, though poor, he says with grateful heart
"Tis well to labor—and that God knows best!"
The hare sits by him with her dewy feet,
As if the heart he quite his cottage sweet;
The golden village lane with dawn is sweet,
And Philip feels content, though low his state;
For labor unto him can joy impart,
"Tis independence by his honest sweat;
And still, though poor, he says, with grate 'th heart
"Tis well to labor—and that God knows best!"

His wife beside the door waits his return,
His children's voices meet him half the way,
And while the sun within the west doth burn,
And bird and brook sing sweet the close of day,
Philip forgets his toil, his chair to find,
By little arms and little lips cared;
And going to bed, exclaims with grateful mind,
Thank God for all—thank God, who knoweth
best!

MISCELLANY.

THE FORLORN HOPE.

We were encamped before Monterey.—
The night was far advanced. Stretched
in full length before the camp fire, I was
endeavoring to snatch a short repose to
prepare me for the assault, which was to
take place at day-break.

The attempt was useless; slumber gave
me the cold shoulder, and I found myself
intently observing my captain, who occu-
pied the other side of the fire.

He was sitting on an old box, wrapped
in his cloak, and gazing among the smol-
dering embers, with an expression of coun-
tenance so intensely mournful that my
sympathy was at once irresistibly drawn
towards him.

His face was of an ashy paleness, con-
trasting strongly with his jetty hair and
eyes. His beard had been suffered to
grow for weeks unchecked by the edge of
a razor, and his exuberance increased his
haggard look.

Captain Archer was a mystery to the
whole regiment. Young, finely formed,
endowed by nature, with a face of classic
beauty, he seemed born to enjoy every
happiness; yet, a constant melancholy per-
vaded his very action. He made no one
his companion—studiously avoiding all
intercourse with his brother officers—sel-
dom spoke unless it was on duty. The
life he led was one of extreme isolation.

Notwithstanding the solitary habits of
Archer, he was respected by his brother
officers, for he was brave to rashness, on
the battle field, and treated all who ap-
proached him with gentlemanly courtesy.

Being his first lieutenant, I was slightly
excepted from the formal manner he
adopted towards others, our duties bring-
ing us in constant contact. I never had
intruded upon his sorrow with an inquisi-
tive questioning; he felt and appreciated
the delicacy, and though he never spoke
his thanks, his eyes expressed them. Hav-
ing secured his good opinion, I was care-
ful enough to retain it.

Having nothing better to do, I lay with
my eyes riveted upon his face, while my
imagination ran riot in speculating over his
history.

As I gazed, a deep sigh issued from his
lips, and aroused him from his abstraction.
Our eyes met; he studied my countenance
for a moment as if intent on reading my
thoughts. He seemed satisfied with that
scrutiny, for he said immediately, with that
constant tinge of melancholy which ever
accompanied his voice—

"Are you not asleep, Mr. Lieutenant
George?"

"No, Captain."

"What prevents you from sleeping—
anxiety for to-morrow?"

"Possibly that may be one of the con-
ses, I replied."

"A dangerous duty was assigned our
regiment."

"Might I inquire what it is?"

"Certainly. Do you see yonder tall
building looming above the walls of Mon-
terey, through the darkness?"

"You mean the Bishop's Castle?"

"Yes, that is to be our point of attack—
we storm it at day-break."

"It is a dangerous undertaking."

"True, Lieutenant, we have the honor
of being selected for a 'forlorn hope.'—
You understand the term; we shall march
to certain death—we shall find a grave
beneath those walls. I shall at last meet
the death I have so often sought in vain."

"Sought, Captain?" I repeated in as-
tonishment, gazing in his face, which wore
a look of calm resignation.

"You are surprised that I should wish
to die," he continued, in the same mournful
strain. "It excites your wonder that one
so young as I am—for I am only twenty-
five—should have grown weary of this
life. Ah! my friend, the heart may grow
aged in a day, and when such is the case,
the young frame that enshrines it cannot
reconcile it to the world."

"You have met with some bitter disap-
pointment," I suggested, "which long
brooding over, has tainted your mind.—
Banish it from your recollection. Happi-
ness is yet within your reach, if you will
strive to grasp it!"

"Alas! my friend," he cried, "you know
not what I lost. You would fain adminis-
ter comfort to me; but you know not the
extent of the wound you probe. I feel
that to-morrow will bring the crisis of my
fate. We can neither of us sleep. If you
have patience to listen, I will recount to
you the events which have so changed my
being, and, if you ever return to our na-
tive soil, you can tell my friends my story,
and my fate."

I expressed my willingness to listen, and
Archer proceeded at once:

"I am a native of Boston, my profes-
sion is that of a lawyer, yet I had no ne-
cessity to practice it, for I was left an or-
phan at twenty, with an ample fortune."

"I did not fall into the course of dissi-
pation common to young men who are left
their own masters at an early age. Reared
in the path of honor and integrity by a
wise father, I remembered and treasured
his counsels long after the lips that uttered
them were crumbling into dust."

"The old lawyer under whom I stud-
ied a niece; she was the heiress of a
fine estate, which was unjustly withheld
from her by a male relative. Her uncle
had given her a home, and instituted a
suit to recover her property."

"Delia Hallett was seventeen when I
first beheld her, and I thought her the
loveliest of her sex. I will not attempt
to describe the charms which made her
slave, suffice it to say that I loved her with
my whole being."

"I sought every opportunity of securing
her society, and our acquaintance soon
ripened into intimacy; my love was told
and accepted. Delia promised to be my
wife, only on one condition, and that was,
if she gained her law-suit, as her fortune
would then nearly equal my own."

"I endeavored in vain to combat this
resolution. She was firm against all my
entreaties; she acknowledged her love for
me, but, in the same breath, she told me
I should never call her mine so long as she
remained a beggar."

"I left her with the determination to ex-
ert all my energies in her cause, I would
prove myself worthy of her by winning
her. Animated by this idea, I at once of-
fered my services to be her guardian; they
were joyfully accepted. We labored to-
gether. The trial day came—the case
was severely contested—the result gave us
a decided victory. I bore the news of our
success to Delia."

"I have no thanks to speak," she said,
laying her hand in mine, "this is your re-
ward."

"The wedding day was fixed. With joy,
I waited the approach of this eventful
period. Time passed slowly to my eager
anticipation. The eve of the day came,
I was sitting in my office, when a servant
brought me the alarming intelligence that
Delia had disappeared, no one knew where-
to. At the same time he placed in my
hand a note addressed to me, in her well-
known handwriting. I tore it open with
trembling hands. It contained these few
words which have since then been indelibly
engraved on my heart:

"EDWARD—Forgive me for having so
long deceived you. I never loved you.—
I am about to elope with him, who alone
possesses my heart. Pardon her whom
you have so often called DELIA."

"I sat in my chair, in a state of stupe-
or, with the fatal paper firmly clenched in my
hand. Heaven only knows how long I

should have remained thus, if I had not
been disturbed by the entrance of her
guardian.

"He noticed my distraction at once and
inquired the cause. I gave him the letter
silently. I could not speak, my heart was
in my throat, and choked my utterance.
Could I have wept, it would have relieved
me."

"He read the note, and as he did the
greatest astonishment was depicted on his
face. When he had finished he exclaimed—

"Is it possible! she never would have
acted thus."

"Is it not her handwriting?" I grasped.
He scrutinized the note, word for word,
and his countenance fell as he replied—

"It is very much like it."

"You cannot deny it?"

"The resemblance is very great, yet let
us not be too hasty, Edward. I will has-
ten home and ascertain the truth," he said
as he prepared to depart, "wait until I re-
turn."

"He was gone. I had no intention of
awaiting his return. The demon of des-
pair was in my soul, and I could not bare
to look on familiar things. I wrote a line
to my tutor, leaving my property to his
charge, and gathering up what money I
had in office, I hurried away."

"That afternoon I took the cars for
New York. On my arrival there I found
the city filled with volunteers for the army
in Mexico. I joined them and obtained a
captain's commission."

"I have but little more to tell. I have
courted death in many a fray, and escaped
without a wound. I cannot drive the im-
age of her whom I so fondly loved, and
who so basely deceived me, from my mind.
She has been the cause of the everlasting
grief that consumes me. Something tells
me that to-morrow my heart shall be at
rest."

He ceased speaking, wrapped his cloak
around him, and laid down to sleep. I
became absorbed in a train of thoughts,
as I reflected over his singular story, but
before I could come to any definite con-
clusion, slumber surprised me.

Day was just breaking as I awoke from
my short nap. I had been dreaming. I
thought I had discovered the runaway, De-
lia—restored her to the arms of the dis-
tracted Archer, and was receiving his
grateful thanks, when, as I opened my
eyes, I discovered a young lad sinking me
by the shoulder.

I sprang to my feet and asked him what
he wanted. He was an effeminate fellow
with curly brown hair, and the prettiest
blue eyes I ever saw. His smooth fore-
head looked careworn, and there was an
expression of deep sorrow on his youth-
ful face.

"Where is Captain Archer?" he said.

"Yonder," I replied, pointing with my
sword towards the "forlorn hope," which
was forming for the attack.

"Can I speak with him?" he inquired.

"Before I could reply, the word was given
to advance."

After the battle, I cried, as I hurried
forward to take my place in the advancing
column.

"That will be too late!" I heard him
scream as I hurried away.

The assault was over. The remnant of
the "forlorn hope" was gathered around a
table in the castle of the Bishop, which
was covered with flasks of generous wine.
Archer and myself were the only officers
surviving. By my side stood the boy who
had sealed the walls after me, and passed
through the iron hail-storm unscathed.—
Archer and myself had fought side by
side, and the courageous, little fellow had
followed our footsteps.

The boy was gazing intently upon Archer's
face, as if desirous of attracting his
attention. Supposing he wished to be
praised for his bravery, I turned to Archer
and said—

"Capt. Archer, have you not yet noticed
our young volunteer?"

"My words aroused him from the rever-
y into which he had fallen; he raised his eyes
and looked toward the lad. The moment
their eyes met, he sprang wildly to his feet,
exclaiming—

"Delia!"

"Edward" was the reply, and they were
locked in each others arms. He did not
pause to question her truth—he asked for
no explanation. All was forgotten in the
joy of reunion.

I was made acquainted with all after-
wards. The mystery was easily solved.—
The note had been forged by the relative
who had lost the law suit, and he had ab-
ducted Delia and conveyed her to a country
house to revenge himself for the loss of
the property.

Delia succeeded in making her escape,
and returned home. Her guardian infor-
med her of the departure of Archer, and the
cause. She determined to follow him, and
convince him of the truth. She made her
preparation secretly, and left home in male
attire.

In New York she discovered that Archer
had joined the army in Mexico. Noth-
ing daunted at the length of the jour-
ney, she secured a passage and sailed the
next day. After many perils and hard-
ships, her devotion was rewarded by find-
ing her Archer at Monterey.

Archer had prophesied correctly, when
he said his "heart would be at rest" that
day. That face which so long had been a
stranger to a smile, became radiant with
them. Determined not to be deprived of
his wife a second time, as his duty would
permit, he summoned a priest, and I acting
the part of a father, placed the hand of
Delia within his, and gave him the jewel of
a wife.

She bore her husband company through-
out the remainder of the campaign, and
when the war was over, returned with him
to Boston.

The relative who made himself so busy
in concocting villainy, had evaded punish-
ment by flight.

The last time I had the pleasure of see-
ing Archer and his wife, they were enjoy-
ing the happiness they so richly deserved.
May it never know abatement.

A SAFE HOUSE TO SLEEP IN.—A law-

yer of high reputation, in the city of Phil-
adelphia, was traveling in one of the south-
ern States; and being belated one evening,
after a long day's ride, he was compelled
to turn into a house on a solitary planta-
tion, and ask for shelter and hospitality
for the night. His request was granted.

In the course of the evening, he thought
he observed something reserved in the mas-
ter of the house, which awakened his sus-
picious. He was at length conducted to
his chamber, which was adjoining the fam-
ily room. There he dwelt, on the circum-
stances which had alarmed him, till his ex-
cited imagination was filled with thoughts
of night robbery and assassination. He
proceeded to barricade the room as well as
he could. He fastened down the windows;
against the doors he piled up tables, chairs,
every thing that was moveable in the room.
While thus engaged, words uttered in a
low voice caught his ear, and increased his
alarm. He placed his ear at the key-hole.

The man of the house was engaged in
prayer, in family prayer. Among the ob-
jects of intercession, he was praying for
"the stranger whom the providence of God
had unexpectedly brought to lodge beneath
their roof that night." When he got
through, our travelling friend arose from
his stooping posture. Imagine the change
in his feelings. All his fears had vanished.
Though no Christian himself, he knew that
the prayers of Christians are like guard-
ian angels to the abode in which they are
offered up; and went to bed and slept
soundly and sweetly, feeling that the house
where God was feared and worshipped, was
a safe house to sleep in.—American Mes-
senger.

SPICY DESCRIPTION OF A MODERN

DEMOCRAT.

To the Editors of the Eagle and Enquirer:

A clown in a Mississippi circus de-
scribes a Modern Democrat as a specimen
of the genus Homo; order, Sag-Nicht. It
is an indigenous ever green. It withstands
alike the heat of summer and the cold of
winter. It is sometimes called the "self-
adjusting chameleon." Its habits are not
fully understood, as they are continually
changing. It can be found in the solitary
haunts of the village and city; but its fa-
vorite resort is the grog-shop and lager-bier
saloons. It possesses one habit like the
vulture, viz: that of assembling in large
crowds when a carcass is to be picked. It
is carnivorous, but by usage may become
herbivorous, and can abstain from all food
for a great length of time, when engaged
in the wild hunt for office. It has two eyes
like most other animals, but you will per-
ceive that it is frequently what is called
"cross-eyed." Amongst the older mem-
bers of the tribe, this arises from a long
practice of keeping one eye on the "rank
and file," and the other on the public cri-
tic. It has many calls for its fellows and mates,
which are varied to suit circumstances; but
there is one peculiar cry that it can be dis-
tinguished by in all countries. You have
all heard it—it is "Spoils!" "Spoils!"
The clown had a pretty good good idea
of the "animal"—didn't he?

Those who lie upon roses while young,
are apt to lie upon thorns when old.

MR. GOUGH'S APOSTROPHE TO

WATER.

At the close of one of the Lectures of
John B. Gough, in Galena, he took a glass
of water and holding it aloft before the
audience, he apostrophized "Old Adam's
Ale" in the following gloriously eloquent
manner:

"Look at that, ye thirsty ones of earth!
Behold it! See its purity! How it glit-
ters, as if a mass of liquid gems! It is a
beverage that was brewed by the hand of
the Almighty himself! Not in the sim-
mering still, or smoking fire, choked
with poisonous gases, and surrounded by
the stench of sickening odors and rank
corruptions, doth our Father in Heaven pre-
pare the precious essence of life, the pure
solid water; but in the green glade and
grassy dell, where the red deer wanders,
and the child loves to play; there God
brews it; and down, down in the deepest
valleys, where the fountain murmur and
the rills sing; and high upon the tall
mountain tops, where the naked granite
glitters like gold in the sun, where the
storm-clouds brood and the thunder storms
crash; and away far out on the wide sea,
where the hurricanes howl music and the
big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the
march of God—there he brews it, that
beverage of life—health giving water!"

And every where it is a thing of beauty;
gleaming in the dew drop—singing in the
summer rain—shining in the ice gem, till
the trees all seem turned into living jewels
—spreading a golden veil over the setting
sun, or a white gauze around the midnight
moon—sporting in the cataract—sleeping
in the glaciers—dancing in the hail show-
er—folding its bright curtain softly about
the windy world, and weaving the many
colored iris—that seraph's zone of the sky
—whose warp is the rain drop of earth,
whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all
checked over with the celestial flowers,
by the mystic hand of refraction—still al-
ways it is beautiful, that blessed life-water!
No poison bubbles on the brink; its foam
brings no sadness or murder; no blood
stains its limpid glass; broken-hearted
wives, pale widows and starving orphans
shed no tears in its depths; no drunkard's
shrieking ghost, from the grave, curses it
in words of eternal despair; beautiful, pure,
blessed and glorious; give me forever the
sparkling, pure cold water!"

A RICH PUFF.

A manufacturer and vender of quack
medicines, recently wrote to a friend of
his, living out west for a "good strong,"
recommendation of his, the manufacturer's,
"Balsam." In a few days he received the
following, which we call pretty "strong:"

DEAR SIR: The land composing my
farm has hitherto been so poor that a
Scotchman could not get his living off it;
and so stony that we had to slice our
potatoes and plant them edge-ways, but
hearing of you balsam, I put some on the
corner of a ten acre lot surrounded by a
rail fence; and in the morning I found the
rock had entirely disappeared, a neat stone
wall encircled the field, and the rails were
split into oven wood an piled up symmet-
tically in my back yard.

I put half an ounce into the middle of
a buckelery swamp—in two days it was
cleared off, planted with corn and pump-
kins, and a row of peach trees in full blossom
through the middle.

As an evidence of its tremendous strength,
I would say that it drew a striking
likeness of my eldest daughter, drew my
eldest son out of a mill-pond, drew a
blister all over his stomach—drew a load
of potatoes four miles to market, and even-
tually drew a prize of ninety-seven dollars
in the lottery.

BLUNDERING INTO THE TRUTH.—One

of those magistrates, sometimes denomi-
nated "basswood justices," in a neighboring
town, imagining himself insulted by one
of the townsmen during a dispute, threat-
ened to arrest him for contempt of court.
The plain citizen replied that it could not
be done, as the basswood justice was not
acting officially, but the latter rejoined that
he "was a justice of the peace continually,
from the rising of the sun to the setting of
the same, whether in court or out of it, and
an object of contempt everywhere."

The Postoffice Department has in-
vited proposals to the first June for carrying
the entire letter mail by overland from
Mississippi to San Francisco, in four horse
coaches, semi-monthly, weekly, and semi-
weekly. The Interior Department has
nearly completed arrangements for the con-
struction of the wagon road.

From the National Intelligencer.

WASHINGTON, April 15, 1857.

Gentlemen: By the politeness of a friend
I am permitted to copy the following ex-
tract from a private letter dated St. Louis,
Missouri, November 9th, 1856, which, for
its direct bearing on a question now agitat-
ing the public mind, especially in Europe,
I hope you will favor with a place in your
columns:

THE PREDICTED COMET.

"Now, by way of fortifying your mind
against fear, permit me to remind you that
astronomers throughout the world are at
this time looking for the reappearance of
Hally's great comet of 1835. The near-
approach of this planet in embryo will in-
fluence our planet, perhaps the entire solar
system. It will be attracted by the sun,
and then repelled by it, it will both
attract and repel the planets of the solar
system, and appear to create disorder, con-
fusion. But have no fears. It can neither
attract nor be attracted so as to come in
contact with any of the heavenly bodies.—
The most it can do to any of the planets
(ours not excepted) will be to change the
currents of their electrical envelopes! This
will have a tendency to give us the warm-
est or coldest winter (should the comet appear
soon) experienced since 1765. Should
the earth's electricity be attracted or re-
pelled to either pole, the temperate zone
will enjoy an unusual degree of mildness
on the other hand, should the earth's
electric sheen be gathered in folds near-
ing the equatorial regions, then indeed may
we expect the most intense cold ever ex-
perienced in this climate. In either event
the disturbance of the ocean of electricity